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Eng. Poetry and Art.

PERFECTION.

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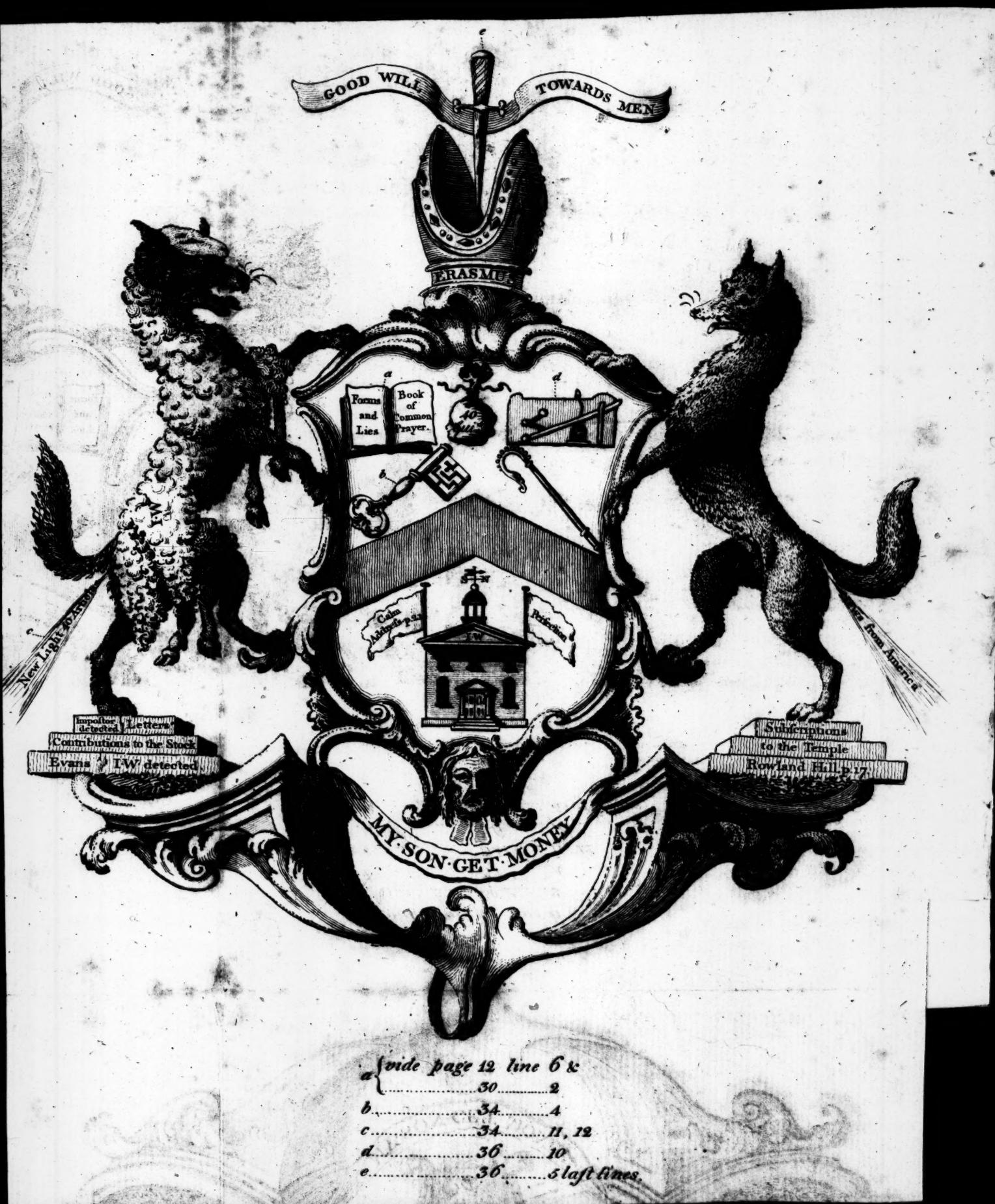
POETICAL EPISTLE.

[Price Two Shillings.]

INTRODUCTION

POSITIONS AND DUTIES





PERFECTION.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.

Calmly addressed to the greatest Hypocrite in England.

“ He, like an hypocritic Brother,
“ Professes one Thing, does another :
“ Thus all Things where they’re most profest
“ Are found to be regarded least.”

BUTLER—upon P. Nye’s (*an hypocritical
Turn-coat’s*) *Thanksgiving Beard.*



L O N D O N,

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M DCC LXXVIII.

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P R E F A C E.

“ We Poets are but Salesmen of Wit,
“ And make our *Caps* for those they chance *to fit*.

BUTLER.

SO sings *Butler*; and in humble Imitation of these *poetical Salesmen* our Author writes. Like them, he works from *Fancy*; yet his Work may *fit*, like theirs, by *Chance*. Whoever should be conscious that this *Epistle* must be addressed to *him*, and to *him alone*, cannot discern *his own Likeness* without doing an involuntary Honour to the Hand that drew it. But should the *Public Voice* cry out, “ *This is He!*” the Author’s *End* will then be fully answered: The worst Species of all *Hypocrisy* will be sufficiently exposed, and many innocent and well-intentioned Persons (too apt to be misled by *false Appearances*) may probably be saved from *Ruin*, together with their *Families*. Should such a Character as *Cantwell’s* really exist in Nature, and were the Author vain enough to imagine that he has the least Talent for *Satire*, he finds a fair Plea for exerting it upon

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the present *Subject* already drawn up for him by an ingenious Writer—it is this: “ That those *who fear nothing else* dread to be “ marked out to the Contempt and Indignation of the World by “ *Ridicule*. There is no succeeding in the *secret Purposes of Dish-* “ *honesty* without preserving some Degree of *Credit* with Mankind; “ as there cannot exist a more impotent Creature than *a Knave* “ *convict*. To expose, therefore, the false Pretensions of *counterfeit* “ *Virtue* is to disarm it at once of all the Power of *Mischief*, and “ to perform a *public Service* of the most advantageous Kind.”

P E R F E C -

PERFECTION*.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.



WHEN first the Spirit + urg'd you to the Chace
Of *New-Light, Faith, Perfection, Love, and Grace* ‡,
Drove you from *classic Ground* to prance and pant
In *Fields* || that echo'd with your *mystic Cant*,

* Meaning the very absurd Doctrine of *sinless Perfection*, which reminds one of these admirable Lines of *Butler*, viz.

“ All Mens Intrigues and Projects tend
“ By sev’ral Courses to one End ;
“ To compais by the prop’rest Shows
“ Whatever their Designs propose ;
“ And *Knaves* appear more just and true
“ Than *honest Men*, who make less Shew :
“ *Hypocrisy* will serve as well
“ To propagate a *Church* as *Zeal* :
“ So round *white Stones* will serve, they say,
“ As well as *Eggs* to make *Hens* lay.
“ How various and innumerable
“ Are all who live upon the *Rabble* ! ”

† The *Spirit* is always whispering at a *Saint’s Ear*.

‡ Part of the String of Doctrines among the *Chosen*.

|| *Cantwell* set out not without great Reluctance as a *Field-Preacher*.

Envious

Envious you saw how *Whitefield's Lantern* shone,
 And at his *farthing Candle* lit *your own**.
 Still cherishing with *Zeal* the *borrow'd Ray*,
 On *lift'ning Bedlam* now you pour *the Day*.
 Blessed *Effulgence* from a *moonshine Beam*†
 That *struck* your scatter'd *Senses* in a *Dream*‡!
 Methinks I hear, I feel, your *fancy'd Call*
 In a *still Voice, so small*, 'twas—*none at all*||.
 In *Spirit press'd*§, what *Converts* then you made
 Ere Rivals interlop'd to spoil your *Trade*?
 With Tears you cleans'd *Bocardo*¶ from all *Sin*,
 And lodg'd in *Stews* to lay the *Fiend within*.

* Mr. *Whitefield* was *enlightened* long before our *Cantwell* caught the *Spark* of *Inspiration*.

† Alluding to that Species of *insane* called *Lunatics* or *Moon-struck*.

‡ All these *Saints* fancy that they are first *converted* in *Visions* and *Dreams*.

|| The very Account of our *Cantwell's Conversion* in the very Words, viz.
 "a *still, small Voice*, or rather *no Voice*. Vide Poor Man's *Spiritual Instructor*,
 p. 113.

§ A *Cant-Phrase*.

¶ Formerly a *Gaol* in *Oxford*.

This

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

This *Grain of Mustard-Seed* †, at *Oxford* sown,
Now to your Standard of *Perfection's* grown ;
Pleas'd with the Soil, its yig'rous Branches spread,
And o'er *Moorfields* ‡ their Umbrage *wildly* shed.
Thither, with all their || *pilfer'd* Tributes, flock
Daws, Cuckoos, Boobies §, to increase your Stock.
Behold ! from East and West, and North and South,
Gulls drop their *Scraps* ¶ in *Cantwell's* toothless Mouth :
To feed their *Prophet*, plunder all the Land,
And fly to hear what none can *understand* :
Like *wild Ducks*, snar'd, they flap their Wings for Joy,
Enchanted with the F---dry's sweet *Decoy*.

† *Methodism* took its Rise at *Oxford*. Vide Account of God's Dealings with George Whitefield, p. 18, 19.

‡ The Regions of *Lunatics, mad Folks, and the Elect*.

|| Corrupted *Wives* and *Servants* are particularly *bountiful*, notwithstanding the Commandment "Thou shalt not *steal*."

§ The *filliest Birds*.

¶ *Scraps*, indeed !—The very *Beggar* is suffered, nay, instigated, to throw in his *Mite* :—Thus to the *Poor* is the *Gospel preached*.—For a true Knowledge of the *Cantwells* see that excellent Comedy called the *Hypocrite*.

Unless *Rome's* Pagan Calendar deceives,
She worshipp'd once a *Deity of Thieves**.
 Those *Rites* are now refin'd by *Cantwell's* Skill,
 And that *chaste Goddess* has her Vot'ries still ;
 To *some choice Saints* propitious now as then :
Thou art her *Priest*, thy *F---dry* is her *Den*.
 Thence issu'd *R----n* †, *Sharon's Rose*, full blown,
 For *Sanctity*, and *Rapes on Babes*, well known ;
Perfection's Child—a Suckling of *your own*.
 With *him Perfection's* Graft brought forth *good Fruit*,
 In *Faith* an Angel, and in *Works* a Brute :

* *Laverna*, mentioned by *Horace*, who makes a *knavish Hypocrite* invoke her thus :

— Da, pulchra *Laverna*,
 Da mihi fallere, da justo, sanctoque videri;
 Noctem *Peccatis*, et *Fraudibus* objice Nubem.

“ *Grant me the Gifts of ev'ry tricking Grace*,
 “ *A pious Eye, a sanctimonious Face* ;
 “ *Thou know'st my inward Man can't bear the Light*,
 “ *Throw o'er my choicest Deeds the Veil of Night*.”

† A Pupil of *sinless Perfection*, and *Follower of the Lamb*—a *fanatical Preacher*, &c. &c. lately executed at *Tyburn*.

Belief

*Belief** insures his Glory in the Skies,
 Ev'n in the Noose he catches at the Prize;
 On *Christ* the frantic V----n lays hold fast †,
 And in the Arms of *Jesus* ‡ breathes his last.
 Thus thro' *Delusion's* Mist *Perfection* leads
 God's chosen People || to the worst of *Deeds*.
 A suff'ring *Saviour* dy'd for them alone §;
 Tinkers ¶ absolve 'em, and they're all his own.
 Despotic over ev'ry Soul you quack,
 None must presume to leave the F---dry-Track;
 Close by *Old Bedlam* lies the level Road
 That leads the *Chosen* to the blest Abode.

* These crafty Teachers preach up *Faith* above all things—That, and *that alone*, (a sad Falshy!) can save—Why? Because the least *Infidelity* would ruin them—If their *Dupes* were not credulous, these *holy Mountebanks* must starve.

† ‡ *Cant-Expressions* for ever in the Mouths of *Saints*.

|| A Name by which these *Saints* impiously dare to distinguish *themselves* from all other *Christians*, whom they vainly call *almost Christians*.

§ So these poor mad Souls pretend.

¶ An absolute Fact—*Tinkers*, *Taylors*, &c. are sufficiently inspired to do this Busines.

The *Balm* you sell *Salvation* best infures,
Old Cantwell's Shop performs the only *Cures*.
 For genuine *Manna**, true *Eye-Salve of Grace*†,
 Hie to *Moorfields*—the noted cheapest Place.
Lost is the Soul that 'stablish'd *Churches* tries,
 Seeking a Refuge in mere *Forms* and *Lies*‡.
Your Tribes, thus tutor'd, at our *Worship* rail,
 Zealous *Diffenters* under *Union's Veil*||;
 Think all the Doctrines of our *Pulpit* wrong,
 And only relish *Myst'ry*, *Cant*, and *SONG*§.
 Thus you uphold o'er *Fools* a *Papal Throne*,
 And with false *Tenets*¶ brand 'em for *your own*;

* † Affected *Cant Terms* for their *false Doctrines*. Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 18.

‡ These are the decent Terms in which these *Saints* speak of the Church-of-England Doctrines and their Preachers. Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 10, 43, 104, 166.

|| Their *Union* with our Church is a mere Pretence, to avoid the odious Name of *Conventiclers*.

§ Falsely called *spiritual Song*—In some of their *Hymns* there are the most blasphemous Expressions.

¶ *Sinless Perfection*, &c. &c.

Check,

Check, overbear, intimidate, controul,
 Master of Body, Reason, Will, and Soul* ;
 Erect a *Tyranny* for Mens *Salvation*,
 And to that *Tyranny* annex *Taxation* † ;
 Creep into Houses, blast domestic Life,
 Sow *false Religion*, and eternal Strife,
 Tempt weaker *Vessels* ‡ to betray their *Head* ||,
 And with *your Dogs* divide the *Childrens Bread* § ;
 Industrious *Trade* with *Contributions* crush ¶,
 And plunder *Poverty* without a Blush.

* These insolent *Teachers* have the daring Assurance to lay their *Commands* upon their *Flock* in respect to their *secular* as well as *spiritual* Affairs.

† Extorted by these *spiritual Decoy-Men* in Pence, Half-pence, and even *Fartlings*.—This pious Practice reminds one of *Horace's Description of the Ant*:

—“*Ore trahit quodcumque potest.*”—

‡ || *Wife* and *Husband*.

§ Alluding to an Expression of our Saviour, viz. “*taking the Childrens Bread*, and throwing it *to Dogs*—i. e. to preaching *Lay-Lubbers* (as Mr. *Rowland Hill* justly calls them)—*Tinkers*, *Taylors*, &c. who think *Learning* an Enemy to the *Gospel*, as it detects and exposes their *Knavery*.—They would be subject to no *Rules* but the *Carpenter's* or *Mason's*, and endure no *Letters* or *Figures* but *Scores* and *Tallies*.

¶ These *Contributions* for *God's Sake* are endless among the *Saints*.

Does *Johnson** write for *Tyranny* much worse?
Yours too affects *Life, Liberty, and Purse.*
 Wou'd they be *sav'd*, your *Flocks* must all *obey* ;
 But *Hell's* their *Portion* if they dare *gainsay*.
 Start not at *Truth*—your *grey Hairs* were *betray'd*
 When *Lucy C--per* † was a *Convert* made :
 Your *Guineas* and your *Cant* too light were found ;
 Then your *Perfection* cou'd not stand its *Ground*.
 That *Harlot*, whom with *Hope* at first you cramm'd,
 Revolting at your *Love*, you nobly—*damn'd*.
 You found your *feeble Purpose* justly crost,
 And then your *fav'rite Penitent* was *lost* ‡.

* Dr. Sam. *Johnson*, whose *generous and noble Sentiments* in his *Taxation no Tyranny* have been *pitifully* served up again, by a certain *PLAGIARY*, in *public Addresses*.

† A Lady still remembered in *Covent-Garden*.—This little Anecdote is founded in *Fact*.—Let it not be told in *Gath*, nor published in *Askelon*!

‡ At *Confession* these *Saints* are asked, “ How do you *find*, or *feel*, yourself ? ”—They often answer, “ *I thinks I am lost.*”—This is when they are a *Cup* too low.—At other Times “ the *Righteous* are as bold as *Lions*. ”—Thus they *cant.*

Yet

Yet let my Muse rehearse another Tale,
 I'll call on *D*—d ere my Proof shall fail ;
 Nay, were it not for raising further Strife,
 Call on *your own repudiated Wife*.
 At sixty-three could such *Perfection* burn ?
 No *Victim* but in *Teens* then serve your Turn,
 Till on a Widow Int'rest made you fix *,
 Faithless alike in *Love* and *Politics* ?
 Stronger than *Marriage-Vows* rank Lust inclin'd
 Sinless *Perfection* soon to change its Mind ; }
 The *Wife* grew stale—you found *some Converts* kind.
 Then, as if tingling with *Meibomian Rod* †,
 You flew from *Grace*, *Perfection*, *Vows*, and *God*.

* The *Fact* is this : A very near Relation to this *perfect Saint* was ashamed that an *old Fellow* should make love to a mere *Girl*, (whom he declared he intended to marry as a *Nurse*,) and found a *Widow* with *Money* for him—*little Miss* had nothing but *Youth* by Way of *Dowry*—The *second Thoughts* was best, and *Miss* was deserted for *Mistress*.

† *Meibomius* has written a Treatise *De Uso Flagellorum in Re Venerad.*

Thus

Thus 'tis *some Saints* can master so their Blood,

That ev'ry *carnal Appetite's* withstood.

Thus Beauty's *Nets* no *perfect Saint* immesh,

With *Souls* alone connected, not with *Flesh*.

The Bosom's *magic Pow'rs* they view unmov'd,

By a feign'd Blush, their *Apathy* is prov'd;

And if, perchance, th' *electric Force* they feel,

Another Glance they do not *take*, but *steal*:

With *thy Perfection* arm'd, in that they trust,

They peep and peep again, but never *luf*.

Yet still, dear *John*, a fascinating Feature,

Or speaking Eye, reminds one of the *Creature**:

A *Smile*, a *Form*, or an attracting *Lip*,

Will make *Saints fall* sometimes as well as *slip*.

* Every *Cantwell* knows how to apply this and the preceding Lines.—The *Creature* is a *Cant-Term* with the *Saints* for all *carnal Matters*.

Ev'n holy *Sisters**, in a *Call of Love*,
 Without Man's Aid, have quicken'd from *Above*†.
 What Wretch, not yet *converted*, dares invade
 Those *solemn Rites*‡ which gladden all *your Trade*,
 When *preaching Lubbers*, who have dropp'd their *Pack*||,
 In *watch-night Labours* prove themselves not slack,
 Thro' *Calls of Love* to tender Scenes advance,
 And slide into *Adul'try* in a *Trance*§?

Alas! the *Wicked* in gross Colours paint
 This holy *Intercourse* 'twixt *Saint* and *Saint*;

* Females of their own *Set*, or *Society*, they call *Sisters*—mimicking the Style of the *Apostles* in respect to the first *female Converts*.

† These *Calls of Love* are frequent among *Saints*—In one of these Calls a young Woman in *Fenchurcb-Street* was *visited* a few Years ago—*Miss* grew *big*—Her *Mother* (a *Convert* of *Canwell's*) declared it must be some *Visitation* upon her *from Above* to convince her of the State of *Sin* she was in—*Miss* was brought to bed—The *Father* was one of *Cantwell's Preachers*.

‡ At their *Love-Feasts* and *Watch-Nights*—Mysteries of *Darkness*.

|| Alluding to *Vagabond Preachers* among the *Saints*, many of whom have carried *Packs*, and still continue to *smuggle Lace*, and *Goods* of easy, snug *Carriage*, notwithstanding their *sacred Call*.

§ If *Saints* stray, it is always in a *Vision*, or a *Trance*.

Yet sensual Thoughts ne'er stain their *chaste Design*,
*Cantharides** but consecrate the *Wine* ;
 Set *pious Spirits* in an equal Flow,
 And raise up those whom *Satan* has brought *low* ;
 Promote by *godly Means* *Perfection's Plan*,
 And lead to *inward Grace* the *outward Man* †.
 Tho', with th'*unballow'd*, Aids like these procure
 Foul *Sin*, yet “ *all Things to the Pure are pure* ‡.”
 Thus *Claudia* || fell a Victim at *nineteen*,
 Unhappy *Actress* in *Perfection's Scene* !
 Her *Faith*, alas! was plighted, and her *Hand*
 Betrothed to a *Youth* in *Wedlock's Band* :

* Thrown into the *holy Filters* at their *Love-Feasts*—medicinally, to strengthen and support the *outward Man* in the Performance of these *holy Rites*.

† *Cant-Expression*.

‡ This is the *pious Apology* with the *Saints* for all *Enormities*.

|| Her unhappy Story is still remembered in *Fenchurch-Street*, and in several other Parts of the City.

But *chaste Perfection* in the *F----y-Cells**

Beguil'd the Maiden with its *sinless Spells*.

Some few Moons wasted, *Claudia's Presence* spoke

That *F----y-Absolutions* were no *Joke*.

H--ter † was call'd to clear the *Saints* from *Sin*,

And he declar'd " the *Spirit* stirr'd *within*."

The Nymph reveal'd, when full nine Months were gone,

A perfect Bantling that resembled *John*.

In vain *Perfection's Convert* wept and swore

Cantwell was just, and *Claudia* was no *Whore*,

Pronounc'd such *Judgments* kindly sent to win

A lost young Creature from a State of *Sin* ‡,

Quoted apt *Texts* which *Cantwell* had supply'd;

But *Facts*, (like *Ev--s* ||,) prov'd *Perfection* ly'd.

* The *Bretbren* of the *F----y* affect to lead a Kind of *monastic Life*—It is a Kind of *Jesuitical College*.

† The Name of any *Man-Midwife* that the Reader pleases.

‡ True *Conventicle-Cant*.

|| An honest *Detector* of *political Sophistry*.

Hold yet, my Muse, nor close *Perfection's Scene* ;
Its *Anecdotes* in Mem'ry are but green :
Another and another still succeeds,
Sad Proofs how Dupes to *Faith* fall short in *Deeds* *.
Did *Chrif's* Disciples ever once enjoin
Their *Convertis* from a *Husband* to purloin ?
Did they give *Absolutions* as fly *Fees*,
That Coffers might be plunder'd by *false Keys* † ?
Some Years have roll'd o'er *Cantwell* since, 'tis true,
But *pious Frauds* shou'd live for ever new ;
Live for *Example*, and in ev'ry Age
The Thoughts of *Parent*, *Husband*, *Wife*, engage ;
Penn'd in a Note-Book, and rehears'd by Heart,
That *Children* may at such *Perfection* start

* The *Staunch Saints* pin all upon *Faith* ; *Works* are *filthy Rags*.

† A *Faft* transacted in *Friday-Street* by a *married female Follower of the Lamb*, under *Conventicle Influence*.

Betimes—That, as they ripen into Years,
 No future *Cantwells* may with *Hopes*, and *Fears*,
False Doctrines, and *delusive Cant*, betray
 Chaste Hearts, which *Knaves unmask'd* can't lead astray.
 For ever may *these Anecdotes* be told !
 Were *Truths*, like these, at the *lewd F---y* sold *,
 Its *wooden God* must fail of such Success ;
 The *Swarms of Magdalens* wou'd soon grow less ;
 The *Bankrupt-Lift* decrease ; and fewer *Yells*
 Be heard within *Old Bedlam's* frantic Cells ;
 The Thread of *Cantwell's* baneful Life be spun,
 And all his *preaching Vagabonds* † undone.

Ye Sons of Loyola ‡, now say, with Tears,
 Why *Sisters* shou'd confess their *Sins* and *Fears* ?

* If any *Saint* (sore in *Conscience*) chuses to admit himself to be the Author's *Cantwell*, the Author hereby engages to verify his *Anecdotes*, and bring them *home*, provided the *Cap* can fit that *single Knave alone*.

† *Itinerant Journey-men-Apostles*.

‡ *Ignatius Loyola*, the Founder of the *holy and undefiled Society of Jesuits*.

Why ev'ry Weakness to a *Knave* reveal,
 Who keeps the *Key* that he may freely steal?
 Let *Loyola's* chaste College, too, declare
 What Price your various *Absolutions* bear *?
 With you each Crime may find a tender Nurse,
 To suit the Depth of Conscience, Sense, and Purse.
 To *Loyola* you owe this precious Art ;
 But can *Confession* cleanse the *Murd'rer's* Heart?
 Can *Absolution* heal the *Pill'ry's* Shame,
 And to the *perjur'd* Wretch restore lost Fame?
 Do you, when *Circuits* + rouse your lagging Blood
 To vain Attempts that shou'd have been withstood,

* That these *Saints* confess to their *Teachers* (Mechanics of all Sorts), and receive *Absolution* from them, is certain.

† The *Chiefs* of these *holy Impostors* go their *Circuits*, and visit their *Preaching-Houses* in the Country—where there is always a *Slut* or two (that is, a *Strumpet* or two), as Mr. *Rowland Hill* says—*Here* they collect their quarterly or half-yearly *Contributions* from mere *Rabble*. Their *Presence* generally occasions a Kind of *snug Carnival*. These *Affertions* would be fully verified by the Production of *certain Letters* alluded to in the following Lines.

Absolve

Absolve *yourself*, and (like some Brutes of Note) BRA

Contain *within* both *Bane* and *Antidote**? BA

Ah! no—you loiter in the flow'ry Way, BA

Yet fill with *Thorns* those Paths where others stray. B

But, if a yielding *Sister* strikes your Eye, BA

Say, do you let the *Rose* unsmele go by? BA

'Gainst melting Eyes, and soft imploring Hand†, BA

Sinless Perfection cannot always stand. BA

The *Spirit* warns us in a Voice so small BA

Sometimes, that *Nature* does not hear its *Call*. BA

'Tis whisper'd still that *certain Letters*‡ speak BA

Perfection's Champion to be more than *weak*. BA

From *those* let *Friendship* but withdraw its Veil, }

The World will find *Perfection* worse than *frail*; }

Ev'n *Wolves*|| might *blush* to hear so strange a Tale: BA

* *Naturalists* speak of such *Animals*.

† In the Act of *Confession*.—This was the Case several Years ago between old *Father Gerard* (another *Jesuit*) and *Miss Cadiere*.

‡ A Word to the *Wise*.

|| It would be a Miracle indeed to see a *Wolf* *blush*, says a late *Penny Pamphlet Writer*.

And

And tho' an *injur'd Wife* turn'd t'other Cheek
 In Meekness, yet the very Stones wou'd speak ;
 All *Saints* wou'd wonder *One*, who *seem'd* so good,
 Could fall, tho' made sufficient to have stood.
 What ! had *Perfection* drank of *Circe's Cup* ?
 Where was his *Light**? Cou'd not *Grace* buoy him up †?
 To fall in *Years* ! amidst his *Converts* fall †?
 And, turn'd of *sev'nty*, feel a *boyish Call* !
 With Tricks of *Youth* his *Memory* refresh'd,
 And wanton without *Weapons of the Flesh* †?
 Is this *Perfection*? Are these *Calls of Love*?
 Is this the *Birth* ‡ you boast of from *Above* ?

* The boasted *New-Light* of these *Saints*.

† Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 80—a ridiculous Trial of this Kind.

‡ These unexpected Circumstances are discovered in the *Letters* hinted at above; which upon a certain *Family-Quarrel* had like to have been published to the World—but a common Friend, in Pity to *Cantwell* (who declared it would be his *Ruin*), interposed.

|| The *New-Birth*.

Are

Are these the Doctrines you intend to preach
When *Fools* have plac'd a *Chapel* in your Reach? bna
*Detect'd**, and by all but *Mob* abhor'd,
Now you're erecting *Temples* to the *Lord*.
Sick of the *Conventicle's* odious Name†,
Will building *Temples* now embalm your Fame? bna
Will *Liturgies*, and *Forms*, (designing Fox!) make you
Make all your poi's'nous Hashes *orthodox*? bna
Will *popish* *Olios* go the better down, bna
When in another *Shape* you cheat the Town;
Like *Proteus*, of your *Cunning* make the most,
And play with *Bubbles* like the *Cock-Lane Ghost*? woH
A *Temple*!—Shall your *Penitents* see there
Confessors perch'd in a new-fangled *Chair*? woH

* As an old, shatter-brained *Impostor*.

† These *Saints* cannot bear to have their *Meeting-Houses* called *Conventicles*—they have new-christened them “*Tabernacles*” in London, and in the Country “*Preaching-Houses*”—yet the same motley Set of mean *Mechanicks* jump up from *Shop-Boards* into *Pulpits* as in the Time of old *Oliver*, in these *Conventicles*.

G Say,

Say, shall your *F----y* be the *female Pen*, ~~and~~ ^{and} *soil* ~~soil~~ ^{on} *A*
 And for the *Males* your *Temple* be the *Den*? ~~and~~ ^{and} *W*
 Where shall this last best *Light* of yours shine most, ~~and~~ ^{and} *A*
Here in cold *Pray'r*, or *there* where *Saints* can *roast**?
 Your *F----y-Stew* now, like yourself, grows old; ~~and~~ ^{and} *A*
 E'en pen up all your *Lambkins* in *one Fold*; ~~and~~ ^{and} *W*
 Let the lewd *F----y's* *Walls* no more remain; ~~and~~ ^{and} *W*
 Let *ancient Bedlam* vindicate *its Reign*; ~~and~~ ^{and} *W*
 Add *Works* to *Faith*—to *Madmen* ope your *Door*, ~~and~~ ^{and} *W*
 And let *them* rant, where *Saints* have *rav'd* before. ~~and~~ ^{and} *W*
 Ere *some Erasmus* + consecrates *this Pile*, ~~and~~ ^{and} *W*
 How oft your *Temple-Dupes* will make you smile! ~~and~~ ^{and} *A*
 How many *Gulls* must fast four *Times a Week*? ~~and~~ ^{and} *A*
 How many *Tradesmen* must subscribe, and *break*? ~~and~~ ^{and} *W*

* The *F----y* is a Sort of *spiritual Hotel*, where *preaching Lubbers*, &c. *sojourn*—The *Antechamber* is the *Kitchen*—There all *Strangers* wait who want *Audience* of the *Oracle* within.

+ A *Bishop* of *Arcadia*, of whom *Mr. Rowland Hill* tells a good Story in his *Full Answer to John Wesley's Remarks*, p. 17, 18.

† The *Saints* in general make a *Merit* of *fasting* twice a *Week*, and the *very staunch ones* of all pretend to fast three *Times*.

You, who have prey'd on *Fools* throughout your Life,
 Plough with that Heifer call'd an *artful Wife*:
 This Truth sad Scenes (shou'd *Hearsay* seem too weak)
 In *Friday* and in *Fenchurch Street* can speak*.
 Since *Absolution* aids the *holy Job*,
 All pious *Wives* their *Husbands* now may *rob*
 For their *Soul's Good*—By *Knaves* with *Fears* beset,
 They drain that *Purse* which shou'd have paid a *Debt*†.
 Sure that, whilst *Cheats* are fed, their *Pray'r's* prevail,
 They plunge the *Fool* they marry'd in a *Jail*;
 To a false *Guide*, and falser *Doctrines*,
 And learn from tortur'd *Texts* to be unjust.
 These *Tributarie's* quake at *Canterwell's Nod*;
 His *Will's* their *Cæsar*, and his *Word's* their *God*.

* *Rabbi!* rememberest thou a former *City-Marshal*? rememberest thou a certain Dealer in *Corks*?

† A common Practice with the *Preathe's* among these *Saints*.—They have a *Text* for every *Purpose*, and a *crafty Comment* for every *Text*.—If they want *Contributions* (no Matter by *what Means* they are procured), then “*the Lord loveth a cheerful Giver*,” &c. &c.

Thus

Thus mark'd for *pious Bubbles* on Record,
They lend (as *Cantwell* calls it) to the *Lord* ;
Thro' him they lend—and, if his *Plots* succeed,
His is the single *Glory* and the *Deed*.
Thus is his *Maker* honour'd—thus he gleans,
Till *Heav'n* is serv'd (like *G---ge*) by *Ways and Means*.
Whilst *Temples* thus arise to *one Man's Praise*,
How many Families with *Herds* must graze?
Filch'd by *Imposture*, can such *Fabrics* stand?
A *Temple* rais'd by *Fraud* is built on *Sand*.
Will not *impoverish'd Orphans*, when they see
Thy Pride appear, impute their *Wants* to *Thee*?
Wou'd not the *Naked*, but for thy *vain Spire*,
Have had sufficient *Raiment*, and a *Fire*?
In *Poverty* and *Rags* must *Merit* pine,
That thy *false Light* before thy *Tribes* may shine?

Religion

Religion thus becomes a Nation's Rod ;
 A Temple pilfer'd * is no House for God.
 Such splendid Traps the Eyes of Men may catch,
 But Heav'n prefers Integrity and Thatch.
 Will Heav'n be brib'd with Heaps of Brick and Stone ?
 Thy F----y first in Ruins shall be thrown,
 Thy rising Temple, too, in Storms be hurl'd,
 And Thou whipp'd naked thro' the cozen'd World,
 Some Years ago (tho' now to Forms a Friend)
 Did not set Forms your Conscience much offend † ?
 Then you thought Forms and Tyranny a Fault ;
 At both your free-born Soul cou'd then revolt ;
 But now at Liberty it basely snarls,
 And Forms are better than the Act of Charles ‡.

* By Means of Contributions won from some and wrung from others, by every Artifice that can put the Hopes or Fears, or Vanity, of Dupes in Motion.

† The Aversion that these canting Teachers have to set Forms of Prayer is notorious ; and the greatest and oldest Hypocrite among them has often declared it in Print.

‡ Stat. 22 Car. II. c. 1. against Conventicles—an Act particularly obnoxious to these Saints.

Temples bring *Gain*—that *Act* no *Saint* can bear—
 Hence you adopt, *at last*, the *Common-Pray'r*.
 Basely you'll drudge thro' an *ungrateful Task*,
 And use a *Liturgy* by Way of *Mass*.
 When *Int'rest* calls, to gain a ready *Pass*,
 You'd mumble o'er a *Pray'r-Book* or a *Mass*;
 True to no *Tenets*, give your *Av'rice Scope*,
 Serve under *North* or *Hancock**, *Christ* or *Pope*;
 Dissent, unite, deny, avow; spread *Sail*—
 For any *Port*, where *Gain* attends the *Gale*†;
 In *Falsehood* leave the worst of *Saints* behind;
 And, like another *Judas*, shock Mankind.
 Yet, *tolerating Spirits* you revere‡—
 From *Works* you durst not own, does this appear?

* That *Arch-Fiend* and *Rebel* (as he is called by some) in America.—The *Reverend Author* of the *Calm Address* to the *Inhabitants of England* whets his *sacred Knife* at him in p. 7 and 10 of that *pretty Pamphlet*, in which the *Monthly Reviewers* very truly say there is nothing *calm* to be found but the single Word *calm* in the *Title-Page*.

† That *Cantwell* is both a *religious* and *political Weathercock* he *himself* has amply proved of late in Print.

‡ Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 96.

Come forth, thou worst of *Books*! thou vile Disgrace
To *Christian Pens*, and shew thy *popish Face*!
You'll tell me (if the clumsy Veil I draw
From the *wrong'd Servant* †, and detect your *Claw*,
Your *cloven Foot*), still skulking in *Disguise*,
“ I must not trust my *Senses* and my *Eyes* ;
“ I wrote it not ‡.”—What then?—you dictated—
The *Beast*'s plain *Mark* by *Falsehood* can't be hid.
From this Time reign a *Pope*—’tis said—’tis done—
The *Vatican* adopts thee for a *Son*.
High, when *beatify'd*, thy *Star* shall shine,
Nor *Borgia's* || *Glory* bear the *Palm* from *thine*.
Cruel he was in *Practice*, but in *Soul*
He was but Part of *Thee*, Thou *perfect Whole*!
Let thy *dread Comminations* taint the Air,
And *Hell* shall wonder at a *Fiend* so rare;

† It is given out that the *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor* was written by a *Livery-Servant*—a gross *Falsity*—It is *Cantwell's* own—*ex Pede Herculem*.

‡ Accuse a *Saint*, and he always studies for *equivocal Terms* to exculpate himself.

|| *Cæsar Borgia*.

Inquisitors excell'd their Records tread
 To Dust, and blushing hide their *pigmy-Head*.
Hear how *meek Charity* Mankind abhors ;
 How with *all Churches* *John's Perfection* wars ;
 How *Christian-Love*, in him *celestial* grown,
Pope-like, damns all *Professions** but *his own*.
 Envenom'd Words intensely fix his Stings,
 And *Fulminations* fly on Demons Wings ;
 Thus, thus they *blast*—yet, let me blot the Verse
A Christian Muse must shudder to rehearse†.
 If *Heav'n* exerts a tender Parent's Care
 O'er human Beings, and delights to *spare*,

* The *stauncb Saints* have the Impudence to call the whole *Christian World* mere *Professors* of Religion—all are *whited Hypocrites*, and *white Devils*, except *themselves*—Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 38, 94, 95, 96—They are called (in *Shylock's Language*) *grinning Dogs*, p. 54.

† Thus runs the dreadful *Commination* of this meek *Follower of the Lamb*, who professes *Perfection*, and *Faith working by Love* :—“ Hear, O Israel !—“ The presumptuous *Hypocrite* (i. e. every one not a *Methodist*), who is *settled on his Lees*, I would not *spare*—He must be driven from his Security by the “ *fiery and holy Law*—I would fight him with *red-hot Swords*, and wound “ him with all the *Fire-Bolts of Hell*.” Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 96, 97.

Thrice happy will this *Damner* of Mankind
 In final Mercy a sure Refuge find ;
 But, (as *He* teaches*,) should his God, like *him*,
 Be warp'd by mortal *Hate*, *Revenge*, and *Whim* ;
 Shou'd *He*, with *Terrors* arm'd, like *Cantwell* damn,
 Nor heed the *perfect* *Followers* of the *Lamb*† ;
 If *Justice* is an *Attribute*, whose Force
Mercy ne'er sweetly tempers ; then, of Course,
 That *Wretch* must tremble, who usurps *his* Place,
 And deals *Damnation* o'er the human *Race* ;
Hell to its *Fires* must scourge its *perfect* *Guest*,
 And heat one *Furnace* hotter than the rest.
 Thou *perfect* *Man* ! — nay, more — *Perfection's* *Self* !
 Is *Terror* then the *Drag-Net* of your *Pelf* ?

* Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 98, 126, &c. speaking thus of God, viz. *inaccessible Majesty* — *severe Judge* — *most potent Adversary* — his *Anger* will pursue you to the *lowest Hell*, &c. &c.

† These wretched, infatuated *Saints* call *themselves* so. Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 54.

Art *Thou* commission'd, by that suff'ring Lamb
 Whom you pretend to follow, thus to damn? In
 Hath *Punishment* to thy Department fell?
 Hath *Heav'n* to *Thee* consign'd the Keys of *Hell*?
 Know'st *Thou* the *Father*, who alone is *Good*,
 By none but by *himself* well understood?
 Vain, impious Wretch!---thy *Doctrines* spread too soon---
 Whence dost thou prove that *God* to be *triune**?
 This be thy Boast, if Ministers but nod,
 Make earthly *Kings* co-equal with thy *God*†.
 To other Rules of *Faith* add this of *tbine*,
 And tack one *Item* more to *Thirty-nine*;
 In *sycophantic Blasphemy* go on,
 E'en raise an *Altar* to your *Tetragon*;

* Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 104—Note, too, that in a certain fanatical *Hymn-Book* there is a blasphemous Jingle of this Kind, written in *Jig-Metre*, and sung accordingly to a light *Play-House Tune* by *Cantwell's Saints*.

† This impious Piece of *Pagan Flattery* is to be found in an *Address*, by no Means a *calm one*.

In your *new Temple* place your *Idol* high,
And bid your *Lambs* fall down before—a *Lie* ;
Rememb’ring (shou’d we see a *Regent-State*)
Your Gods wou’d then be surely more than *Eight*.

K---s!—*Creatures* of *Man’s Choice!*—Who ever dream’d
That *such dubb’d Majesty* cou’d be *blasphem’d**?
Call you these *Gods*!—whom thus a *Dotard* brands,
With *Terrors*, *Death*, and *Torments*, in their Hands!
Whose *Wrath* pours forth *Destruction* in a *Flood*!
Gods of Fire, Famine, Massacre, and Blood!
Whom *Vengeance, Groans, and Tortures*, only please!
No Tears can soften, and no *Pray’rs* appease!
*Such Gods—such K---s—*are *Genii* full of *Evil*—
Let me bow down to *Nero*, or the *Devil*.
With *Gods*, yourselves have *made*, your *Meetings* ring,
But *Bedlam* now has *coin’d* the first *God-K---*.

* Yet such an Expression, to the Author’s Shame, (if a *Wolf* can *blush*,) is in Print, viz. “*blaspheme God and the King.*”

Hail!

Hail ! Father of each *Tabernacle-Art* !
That keep'st the Keys of *Coffer, Sense, and Heart* !
Who without *Teeth, or Truth*, canst still succeed
In milking *Guilt*, and making *Folly bleed* * !
Immortal be thy *F---y, Sin's Retreat* !
And *Thou*, the *Founder* of such *gross Deceit* !
May *Time* (to shame thee) long that *Fabric* spare !
Long mayst thou *mumble* to make *Virtue stare* !
For silly *Women* long mix *pious Pap*,
Whilst *true Religion* smiles at *Priestcraft's Trap* !
But, above all, thou *Friend* to *Public Good* !
Stir up *Revenge* to shed a *Nation's Blood* ;
Wing *Desolation*, aggravate *Distress*,
Turn those to *Tyrants* who should live to *bless*,
And *massacre* Mankind with *CALM ADDRESS*.

* A Cant-Term for gulling *Fools* out of their Money.

